The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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The Sunday Puzzle.

I'VE measured a spire of grass, mamma,
Every Saturday night since May,
And then again every Monday morn, —
To see if it grew Sabbath day.

It did. And the buds on the white thorn bush,
And those on the apple-tree bough,
Threw open their petals, one bright Sabbath morn,
As buds in the week-time, now.

I have watched the birds; and the yellow pair,
That live in our juniper-tree,
Went nest-making Sunday; and last Monday week
Their Saturday two eggs were three!

My rabbit began to make a new burrow
Last Saturday, just before night;
And next morn, when I started for Sunday School,
He was digging with all his might.

I obliged him to stop, by calling him out,
And rapping upon the gate;
But he went back to work, as I hurried away,
Half fearing that I should be late.

I can't understand, mamma, why it is so, —
Is everything wicked at best?
Are buds, birds and rabbits breaking God's law?
Don't they have a Sabbath to rest?

Or, isn't it sin for things out of doors
To grow, and to work, and be glad?
And only for us, who think, talk, and sing,
That not keeping Sunday is bad?

I'm puzzled, mamma: I wonder, and think,
What makes the day holy to man —
Why God bids us keep it, and why, at the first,
He made for us any such plan!

The other things go exactly the same
On Sunday, as all the week through.
I've studied, and thought on it ever since May;
I can't understand it, can you?

S. S. Gazette.

For the Myrtle.

The Lazy Girl.

ESSIE sat in the open door of her mother's cottage. Her mother had asked her two or three times to go into the garden, and pull some beets for dinner; but the lazy girl would not go. "No," she would say, "I do not want to pull the beets."

The sun was shining on her face; she was too lazy to get her hat and put it on. She was so lazy that she would do nothing for herself.

At last she fell asleep, and had a strange dream. She dreamed that a spider, who was spinning his web near by when she fell asleep, came close to her ear, and said in a very low voice, "I would be ashamed of myself if I was as lazy as you. Go to work, lazy girl — go to work."

Then an ant came close to her, and said, "Shame! shame! lazy girl, go help your mother work!" Then a bee came buzzing by, and flew round and round humming "Be busy! be busy! Little girls should be busy!" and so he buzzed himself out of sight. And in a few minutes a robin redbreast said, "See that lazy girl, my little robins." All the young robins peeped out of

their nest in the big cherry-tree, and looked at her. That made her feel quite angry. She told the robins to tuck their heads in the nest, and mind their own affairs, but they only laughed at her, and said, "We are too young to do anything now but eat and sleep. We will keep busy enough by and by, when we are strong enough to fly out of our nest. We would not be as lazy as you for a great deal. Go to work, lazy girl."

Bessie grew so angry at the robins that she threw a stone at them; but they tucked their little heads in the nest, whilst the stone fell at the foot of the tree.

As soon as the robins had finished speaking, a great crow flew over the cottage, and when he saw Bessie he screamed, "Caw, caw, caw!" but the lazy girl thought he said, "Work, work, work!"

She woke up and told her mother what a strange dream she had had.

"I am very sorry to say so, but the birds and the insects told the truth, my dear. You are a very idle girl. You give me a great deal of trouble. I fear you will not be a good, useful woman if you should live, for no lazy man or woman is ever very good or useful; and we were all put in this world to be useful, to ourselves and others."

"I am very sorry that I have been so lazy. I will try and do better in the future."

"I am glad to hear you say so, my dear. 'Satan finds enough for idle hands to do,' is an old saying, and a very true one. If we are not busy in some good work, we shall be sure to have evil thoughts, which lead to evil actions."

"I will go now and pull the beets for dinner, and I will keep busy all day; only I should like to play with my doll a little while."

"Yes, indeed, my dear. Too much work is almost as bad as too much play. We must be temperate in all things."

"I shall never be called 'lazy girl' again," said Bessie; and she kept her word. She grew up a good, useful, happy woman.

When your parents or friends scold you, or laugh at you for being lazy, or foolish in any way, do not get angry, but try to mend your ways, and then you will be both happy and loved. *A. M. L. M.*

Avoid temptation, for fear you may not withstand it.

For the Myrtle.

Martin Luther.

I HAVE just been reading two papers, wholly unlike one another, indeed, and yet kindred, because they treat of the same person, though at widely different periods of life — of Luther the boy and Luther the Great Reformer.

The story of the boy is entitled "Luther's Snow Song." It portrays a little wandering singer, who, ragged, cold and hungry, trudges wearily along the highway in the loneliness and darkness, of a stormy winter night. The highway is deserted. Every living thing has a home and a shelter save him. But, bravely facing the blinding snow, he still toils along from house to house, singing underneath the bright cottage-windows the melodious strains which are all he has to give for food and shelter. For he does not beg; he takes only what his listeners freely give him in return for the sweetness of his song.

I think I see the boy-minstrel now, as on this winter night, too cold for even a dog to venture out of its kennel, he bravely struggles on through the piling snow-drifts; and it is easy to see in the little hero the future soldier of the Cross.

I can hear the beautiful childish voice as, solemn with his sense of forlornness, it rises clear above the whistling storm, singing,

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird into its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."

And it requires no large faith to believe the tale that the good Conrad and Ursula, touched to the heart by the sweet sadness of the hymn as it steals in upon their ears, open the door and take in the little ragged wanderer; that they give him supper and a bed, and, before morning, make up their minds to keep him always as their own dear child.

And well were they repaid for their Christian kindness; for the homeless little waif that thus drifted to their hearthstone was in after years the wonder of his age, the great reformer, Martin Luther!

It would require far too much space to tell how the good foster-parents brought him up

until he was old enough to carry out the wish of his heart and enter a convent as a professed monk; or how the obscure monk at last opened his eyes to the errors and abuses of the Catholic Church, and knew that in Christianity there must be something better than he had found there; or how, by boldly and honestly exposing the wrong-doings of that church, and calling on the world to work out purer lives and doctrines, he came at last to be called the Great Reformer. All this is so familiar a tale that few children educated in the Sabbath Schools of this age and country are ignorant of it.

What I wish particularly to tell my little readers is something about a visit made to the Castle of Wartbourg by a recent French traveller in the "Forests of Thuringia."

Thuringia is the country of Luther, and is rich in memories of him; and Wartbourg is a grand old fortress where, half as prisoner and half as guest, he lived once for ten long months.

This old castle is one of the most remarkable in Germany. It was long in ruins, but the reigning Duke of Saxony built it over in the most thorough manner, and restored it to all its ancient splendor. In this noble work the Grand Duke showed not only his good taste, but his reverence for the great man whose name has been so long connected with it. For thousands have heard of Wartbourg the prison of Luther, who would never have known simply of Wartbourg the castle.

In the midst of all the splendor and magnificence which the Duke has lavished on this, his now favorite residence, is one small room which is in strange contrast, for it represents the Middle Ages. It was Luther's room, and is just as he left it nearly four hundred years ago — only the Duke has added to its contents every article owned by Luther of which at this far-distant day he could obtain possession. This is the picture of it as given by Mons. Humbert, who had just visited it when he wrote:

"You ascend a narrow staircase, a noise of keys is heard, a door opens, and you are in the retreat inhabited by Luther for ten months. His portrait and those of his parents are before you; you see the little table at which he sat when a child; in a glass case is a manuscript letter in the Reformer's own handwriting; a little silver box which he carried on his person meets your eye; there hangs his father's mining lamp; the pretty porcelain stove which warmed him is on the hearthstone; a seat made of the vertebræ of a whale is against the wall; and on the wall itself is the very ink-spot made by himself when he threw his inkstand at what he believed was an evil spirit come to tempt him, but which he valiantly put to flight! Here also are several Bibles of the sixteenth century; a gothic wardrobe; a trunk; the lantern lamp which lighted the hall where he fought his battles with popery; — all these objects captivate the attention and excite curiosity. The general aspect of the room is simple, primitive; the windows, with their little round panes and metallic casings, bear the impress of great antiquity. There is only one thing that you regret; it is that indiscreet visitors have carried away, piece by piece, nearly the whole of the writing-table. It has been with this as with so many other objects possessed by the illustrious. The table of Byron, the bed-curtains of another poet, the tomb of Washington, are, piece by piece, slowly disappearing."

These souvenirs, then, of Martin Luther, which the writer has so vividly brought before our minds, interesting as they are to us, my dear young readers, will by and by perhaps wholly disappear. But something else of the Reformer will remain. It is in the *domain of thought* that we find what cannot perish. And there in that little room thoughts were born which will live forever. It was within those four time-stained walls that the great Luther, worn with long struggles, always found strength to struggle still. It was there that he laid his hand upon the Bible and learned how to pursue his conquests to final victory. Yes, it was in that little room on the heights of Wartbourg, that the Christianity which in the sixteenth century shook the pillars of popery to their foundations, was born anew, nevermore to die.

Long, therefore, may every memento of the Great Reformer be preserved, as we would preserve the blossoms of the aloe, which flowers only once in a hundred years!

Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.

When the black cloud rises high,
When it spreads along the sky,
When the forked lightnings fly,
And the thunders roar,
Never will I feel alarm;
God can shield me from all harm,
In the sunshine or the storm:
Him I will adore.

Wild-wood Flowers.

FLOWERS! wild-wood flowers!
In a sheltered dell they grew.
I hurried along, and I chanced to spy
This small star-flower with its golden eye;
Then this bright daisy peeped up its head;
Sweetly this purple orchis spread.
I gathered them all for you—
All these wild-wood flowers,
Sweet wild-wood flowers.

Flowers! lovely flowers!
In the garden we may see;
For there is the rose with her ruby lip,
And pinks that honey-bees love to sip,
Tulips that splendid colors unfold,
Sun-flowers arrayed in hues of gold;
But none are so fair to me
As these wild-wood flowers—
Sweet wild-wood flowers.

The Heartsease.

There is a good fable told about a King's garden, in which, all at once, the trees and flowers began to wither away; the oak, because it could yield no fair flowers; the rose-bush, because it could bear no fruit; the vine, because it had to cling to the wall, and could cast no cool shadow.

"I am of no use in the world," said the oak.

"I might as well die," said the rose-bush.

"What good can I do?" murmured the vine.

Then the King saw a little heartsease, which all the time held up its little cheerful face, while all the rest were sad.

And the King said:

"What makes you so bright and blooming, when all the rest are fading?"

"I thought," said the heartsease, "you wanted me here, because you planted me here, and so I thought I would try and be the best little heartsease that could be."

Little reader, are you like the oak, and the rose-bush, and the vine, doing nothing because you cannot do as much as others are doing? Or will you be like the heartsease, and do your very best in the little corner of the vineyard in which God's hand has put you?

Da Capo.

Last year, when we were crossing the Atlantic in a steamship, one bright sunny morning we passed a Swedish brig with the odd name of "Da Capo." It was a very pleasant thing, out on the wide, silent ocean, to meet a ship, and especially to come so close to it that we could easily have exchanged greetings with the sailors. It helped to remind us that, even on the boundless ocean, we were not altogether removed from human companionship. God is with us everywhere, on sea as on land, by day and by night.

"Da Capo," the queer name of the brig, is a term used in music, and means "from the beginning"; that is, that you must begin the piece again after you have played through it once. Perhaps the owner of this ship had had "bad luck," as we say, with other ships; but he was not to be discouraged; so he made another beginning, and called his new ship "Da Capo."

His motto is a good one. Begin again. Do not be discouraged. Keep on trying. That is an excellent rule for all of us. With God's help, and a brave and cheerful heart, we shall "come out all right in the end" in whatever *good* we undertake, if we *keep on trying*.

The Little Missionary.

A Good Name.

Children, choose it,
Don't refuse it,
'Tis a precious diadem.
Highly prize it,
Don't despise it,
You will need it when you're men.

Love and cherish,
Keep and nourish,
'Tis more precious far than gold;
Watch and guard it,
Don't discard it,
You will need it when you're old.

Waiting for Father's Boat.

DICK and Nannie went down to the wharf as soon as they had had their breakfast to wait for their father's boat. He had been out fishing all night, and would come in as soon as the sun was up far enough to make it hot in the morning. Down at the wharf it was cool and pleasant, for the sea-breeze blew in, and everywhere was that clean salt odor that belongs to the sea. Fish-baskets and boxes lay all about, and dozens of little boats rocked on the tide as they lay at anchor by the shore. Just where they sat down on the wharf was a big lobster, still alive and green, just as he was left by some careless fisherman. They poked him gently with a stick, just to see him flop about, "but not hard enough," Nannie said, "to hurt him, poor fellow."

"O, isn't he queer?" said Nannie. "Don't, Dick, don't touch his claws; I'm afraid he'll bite!"

"Nonsense!" said Dick. "Don't you see those little sticks in his claws? They do that so they can't bite."

"Who do that?" asked Nannie.

"The m n, when they catch them, put in the sticks so the lobster shan't bite them," explained Dick. "They'd nip just like scissors if they didn't. My! can't a lobster nip, though! Want to try it?"

Nannie shrank back as Dick took the stick out.

"Do you know how they catch lobsters?" said he.

"No," said Nannie, "only when they spear them, or catch them with their hands. I've seen father do that."

"Well, I'll tell you how they did when I went out with father and Sam," said Dick. "They had 'lobster-pots,'—there isn't any here now, I guess, but they're funny,—big boxes, divided in the middle, with holes at each end to go in at."

"Who to go in at?" asked Nannie.

"Why, the lobsters, of course. They put the bait on the bottom of the box, and then when they put them down the water goes in all around, for the sides are just like a hen-coop,—within, you know. And when the lobster goes in through the hole after the bait, he can't get out again.

"Why?" said Nannie.

"'Cause they can't," said Dick, stoutly, "any more'n the rat can out of our rat-trap. It's made just the same way, long prickers,—wires, you know,—inside, so if he tries to go out he gets pricked. And then the men go in the morning and take the lobsters out, and put the pots down again."

"How do they know where the pots are?" said Nannie. "I suppose they're 'way down in the bottom of the water."

"Of course," said Dick; "that's where the lobsters are. But they have a rope to haul them up by, and a buoy on the rope that stays on the top of the water and keeps bobbing up and down with the waves. You can see the buoys ever so far."

"Do they always catch a lobster?"

"Not in every one," said Dick. "When I went out with Sam and father some didn't have any in, and then Sam put in new bait if it was gone, and let them down again. And some had two or three in each side. You'll see them if father brings any. Hurra! there comes the boat!" and Tom was up and off, forgetting the lobster-pots.

Nannie started to follow, but something held her, and when she turned around the lobster flopped off and hung in air. He had nipped fast hold of her dress, and came very near nipping into her hand. She set up such a scream that Dick thought she was being murdered.

"Oh, it's the lobster!" she cried, as Dick came laughing back. "What made you take the stick out of his claw? Ugly old thing!" and as Dick pulled his claw off and dropped him on the sand, she poked him away with her foot. "I don't see what lobsters were made for, anyway."

"Made to eat, I should think," said Dick. "Everything is made for *something*, or else it wouldn't *be* made. Come on, or he'll get you again."

Nannie's father sat laughing in the boat for he saw the lobster flopping at Nannie's dress. He told her to cool off her fright she must take off her shoes and stockings and wade out knee-deep in the water to the boat, which she did like a true fisherman's girl. And there she saw the lobster-pots. But she took care to keep a good way from the nipping lobsters.

Disobedience.

By the gate of the garden near the wood,
A brother and sister together stood.
"Beyond the gate you are not to roam,"
Their mother had said as she quitted home,
But tired of playing within the bound,
Frank opened the gate and they looked around;
"O Jessie," he cried, "how I long to go
To play for awhile in the wood below!"

"But, Frankie, what did our mother say?"
Said the little one tempted to go astray.
"She thought in the wood we might be harmed,"
Said Frank; "but we will not be alarmed;
There is nothing to hurt us, and, O! just see
That beautiful squirrel on yonder tree!"
And away ran Frank to the green retreat,
While Jessie followed with flying feet.

They chased the squirrel with laugh and shout,
They gathered the flowers and played about,
And then as they feared it was getting late,
Returned unhurt to the garden gate.
No questions were asked, and nobody knew
What Frank and Jessie had dared to do,
Till Saturday night, as they sat alone,
Frank to his mother the truth made known.

"But mother," he said, "though we went in the wood,
We got no harm as you thought we should;
Into the water we did not fall,
Nor did we injure our clothes at all."
"My son," was the answer, "it may be so;
Yet something you lost in the woods, I know;
Think well, and tell me," the mother said,
As she laid her hand on Frankie's head.

"My knife, my ball and my pence," thought he,
"I have them all safe—and what could it be?
I know," at length he said with a start—
"I have lost the happy out of my heart!
I have not felt easy since then," he sighed,
"And I could not be merry, although I tried.
Mother, I'm certain not all my play
Made up for the loss that I had that day."

Frank's tears fell fast as the summer rain,
But the happy came back to his heart again,
As he to his mother his fault confessed,
And her pardoning kiss on his lips was pressed.
"Dear children, remember this simple lay,
For if in forbidden paths you stray
Though you seem unhurt, and your fault be hid,
You will lose a treasure, as Frankie did."

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Next week we shall have the report of the great "Children's Meeting," holden for the first time at Music Hall. This time we can only tell of the first of the anniversary meetings, the Sunday School Conference held at Chelsea Sunday evening, May 28th. Addresses were made by several pastors and superintendents, but we must especially speak of the singing by the Sabbath School. They occupied the entire gallery, and their singing would have repaid one for attending if nobody had spoken a word. The songs were new, stirring, beautiful, and admirably sung. There is such a charm in quick, stirring time for Sunday School songs! We wish all our schools understood this.

——The Springfield Sunday School numbers two hundred and ten. Some of the members live three, four, five, six and eight miles from the church. Amount of Sunday collections from June 13, 1869, to May 1, 1871, $463.08, or about $4.80 per Sunday. Not one book was lost from the library during the year ending May 1, 1871.

VERMONT.

A friend writing from Castleton to order copies of the MYRTLE for our little school at Wells, Rutland Co., adds: "Mrs. Adams of Fairhaven furnishes our Castleton Sunday School with the MYRTLE. We are pleased with its new form and gratified with its having become a weekly visitant." We judge they put in practice the Bible precepts of "brotherly love," in the Green Mountain State. Perhaps some other benevolent heart will receive a hint therefrom. There is surely no better way to help a struggling Sunday School than by supplying it with papers.

MAINE.

The following comes from Hallowell:

My Dear Myrtle:—I saw a line in one of your recent numbers regarding our Sunday School Exhibition. You expressed the wish that it might prove successful in order that our library might receive an addition of new books. Glad that others wish us success, we hope to make you glad by writing you the result of our efforts. We secured the sum of thirty dollars—not a very *large* amount, but sufficient to purchase more than a score of good books. The exercises were highly interesting and elicited the praise of all who listened. The children were neatly dressed and made a fine appearance with their banners and mottoes. They performed their various parts with success. We should like to tell you the names of those who spoke admirably, but should we begin, we should mention the names of all the speakers, and so we forbear. We hope if other Sunday Schools are in need of books, they will try our experiment. They will not only obtain a new supply of reading, but they may greatly benefit themselves and interest others. A FRIEND."

NEW YORK.

The Regular Anniversary of the New York City Sunday Schools took place May 9, 1871, in the Bleeker Street church. The exercises, consisting of prayer, singing by the children, and addresses by the city pastors, were listened to by a large and delighted audience.

Rev. Dr. Bolles of Brooklyn and Rev. Sumner Ellis of Newark were among the speakers.

Two of the Brooklyn schools accepted the invitation to participate, the Centenary Sunday School bringing 43 children, and the Greenpoint School 45; the First (Mission) Sabbath School of New York City, Fifty-fourth street, 270 children; Third, Bleecker street, 175 children; Fourth, Fifth avenue, 178 children; Fifth, Ninth street, 68 children; Sixth, Thirty-fifth street, 48 children; making a total present of 827.

Refreshments, served at the several churches, closed the festivities of the day.

——The Fifth Universalist Sunday School of New York City, which was recommenced only a year ago, and now numbers about seventy-five scholars, is to occupy after June 1st the new and beautiful room in Fourteenth street known as Chickering Hall.

——The school connected with the "Church of the Messiah," Buffalo, held its *first* Quarterly Concert on May 21st, in the Unitarian Church, which the society occupies in the afternoon while their own is being rebuilt from its destruction by fire. The concert took the place of the regular service, and was largely attended. The pastor writes it was "very impressive and charming," and sends us the programme, by which we see that in addition to reports, addresses and singing, they had the beautiful colloquy, "A Vision of Heaven," another, "The Street Sweep," and an infant-class recitation, with songs and prayers. A collection was taken in aid of the fund to furnish the new vestry with maps, charts, pictures and mottoes; all the former furnishing having been lost in the fire. The towers and spires of the the new church are up, the tallest reaching one hundred and ninety feet from the ground. It will be in all respects finer than the former building.

INDIANA.

A friend writes from Monitor, a small place where we judge there is as yet neither society nor pastor of our faith, that "a few of our faith have started a Sunday School," and desire lesson-books, papers, &c. That is exactly the way to have a church and pastor in time, as well as to train up the young in the precious knowledge of the truth. Those "few of our faith" have planted the right seed.

"All Right."

We have frequently heard these words when on the railway train, spoken by the conductor to the engineer, when the train had stopped and was just about to start forward again. The careful engineer will not move on until he hears the exclamation from the trusty attendant, "All right!"

Let us think; these words mean a great deal if we will make a wise application of them to our course of life. How is that? Are we on the right track, and are we sure that we are moving on safely?

Many of the thoughtless and reckless are rushing into evil and sure punishment, all from want of inquiring before they start, if all is right. So has many a youth been drawn into the ways of transgression, not realizing that he went there but to sacrifice his character and all that made life worth possessing. Every hour we live brings before us such fearful examples. All is not right at the starting point. The beginning is made in error, and calamnity and destruction come.

Young reader, look out, and see that in all life's undertakings you start right. See that you keep "all right" as you move on. And then you may be quite sure of coming out right in the end. Be not deceived. Solomon says, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Take heed! Seek for the right way. Pray as did the Psalmist to God, "Lead me in the way everlasting." All is right there.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XL.

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

"Let not your heart be troubled. Believe also in me."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. ix. 18–26; Mark v. 22–46; Luke viii. 41–56.

Question. — Who interrupted Jesus while he was teaching at Matthew's house?

Answer. — Matt. ix. 18.

Q. — What was his name?

A. — Luke viii. 41.

NOTE. In small places there was but one ruler of the synagogue, but in large places there were a number, and they were presided over by a chief ruler. They officiated as the ministers of the congregation, and presided at all the public services.

Q. — What did Jairus seek?

A. — Matt. ix. 18.

Q. — How old was the daughter?

A. — Luke viii. 42.

Q. — Had Jairus any other daughter?

A. — Luke viii. 42.

Q. — Did Jesus go with him to his house?

A. — Matt. ix. 19.

Q. — Who went with Jesus?

A. — Matt. ix. 19.

Q. — While Jesus was tarrying to heal the woman who had the issue of blood, what word was brought to Jairus?

A. — Luke viii. 49.

Q. — By what words did Jesus prevent these tidings from distressing the father?

A. — Mark v. 36.

Q. — What did Jesus see and hear when he arrived at the ruler's house?

A. — Mark v. 38.

NOTE. There were professional mourners among the Jews, who were paid for their services at funerals and during seasons of mourning. By their dress, their voices and their actions they sought to give expression to grief.

Q. — What did Jesus say to these mourners?

A. — Mark v. 39.

Q. — What did they do when Jesus assured them that the damsel was not dead?

A. — Mark v. 40.

Q. — What did Jesus do with the mourners?

A. — Mark v. 40.

Q. — Whom did he take with him into the place where the girl was lying, when he performed the miracle?

A. — Luke viii. 28.

Q. — What did Jesus do and say to the girl?

A. — Luke viii. 54.

Q. — Did she arise at the words of Jesus?

A. — Mark v. 42.

Q. — What command of Jesus shows that she was not only alive but well?

A. — Mark v. 55.

This is the first instance in which Christ performed the miracle of raising the dead. And it is remarkable that Jesus shows no haste nor anxiety. He stops by the way to work a gracious miracle, and immediately comforts the father when the messenger brings the sad word that his only daughter is dead. He was sure of his power to bless.

Hidden Seed

Bible Question.

Who, when he had received his death-wound from a woman, ordered his armor-bearer to thrust him through with his sword, that it might not be said, a *woman* killed him? What was the weapon she used?

Answers.

June 3. Barabbas; Egypt; Nazareth; John; Ananias; Mary; Iscariot; Nicodemus. Benjamin.

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